

## MOTHER'S PUMPKIN PIES.

I live in lots of restaurants, both in the east and west; I have got of grub that's mighty pore. An' grub that was the best, but of all the things I've ate, The one that takes the cake, Is that sweet an' juicy pumpkin pie. That mother uter make.

Of course I've ate of pumpkin pie— Leastwise that was the name— But they give 'em exactly the spot Or the taste to me the same, As when I uter bustle roun'. Chop wood and hep ter bake, On Saturdays, that pumpkin pie. That mother uter make.

It may be that 'tae', like habit, Kinder changes with the years But creep on us sorter unawares An' brings both joy and tears; But let that be as it may be, I can never quite forsake The memory of that pumpkin pie That mother uter make.

—Omaha Bee.

## HUMOR AT SCHOOL.

The fund of ingenuousness and humor locked up within the four walls of an ordinary day-school is practically inexhaustible.

Questions in geography, based upon "boring a hole through the middle of the earth," are very favorite ones with examiners in testing the earth-knowledge of the lower classes of a school. Such questions are put with the special object of eliciting whether the children have exact and abiding notions of the size and shape of the earth. A certain examiner put the favorite question in this form: "If I made a hole through the center of the earth where should I come out?" And one little lad, whose wit was readier than his geographical knowledge, and who was quite above such common answers as "Australia," or "the antipodes," promptly replied, "Out at the hole, master!"

The following literary selection is from a scholar's exercise on "governments." With the exception of the introductory paragraph, which is of an ordinary character, I give the lad's complete effusion:

"It is not proper to think that the governments of all countries are alike. It may surprise your fathers and mothers to learn that we read in our books that there are many kinds of governments. Five or six I can count. In Persia the people call the shah a despot. And your fathers and mothers will say that he deserves it. Why, if a man does anything wrong as not to please him, the despot has only to say, 'Cut his head off.' And the police does it. Or if the despot asks a woman to be one of his wives, and she says, 'I will not marry you,' he only says, 'Cut her head off.' And the police does it. But when this man who thinks as he is a king, comes to England, he can't do it. My mother remembers him once coming, and she says as he had to behave himself, whether he liked it or not.

"In France they have not now a king. Only a man as they choose for a government, called a president. In our reading-books it tells you a lot about this country, only I can never think of it. Wives plough in the fields, it says, and the poor boys and girls have not got no English home. The men are too fond of governments, and they have had more of them than any other country nearly. Napoleon was one, but there were lots of others. The city of Paris looks the finest place you ever see. There is a river runs straight up the middle, and lots of bridges drawn right across, and places sticking up, and bits of people walking by the side of the water. The government this year is president. These presidents have got queer names, but they are not kings nor despots."

On one occasion, during the examination of an "object" lesson on the "cow," I received a most original answer from a scholar. I had asked a series of questions having reference to the practical uses to which the various parts of the cow's carcass are put. And although I was quite satisfied to hear that cups and combs were made of the beast's horns, knife-handles of its bones, leather of its skin, &c., I certainly was somewhat startled and rendered incredulous by hearing one lad inform me with the most confident and complacent air in the world, that "wash-leather was made of its stomach!"

The next essay has for its title "The Irish." The writer is a lad attending a school situated in one of the poorest districts of Lambeth.

"The Irish are so called because they live in the island of Ireland. It is a beautiful country, which is chiefly noted for three principal classes of things, which is, namely, its great greenness, its big bogness, and its little shamrocks. It says in our lessons as green is the favorite color with all the Irish great and small classes. Shamrock is nothing but a little bit of green clover. But the Irish love it.

"They can't manufacture things in Ireland same as we can, from a track-line into a sowing needle. But still the Irish manufacture the following classes of things very exceedingly, namely, Linin, bacon, sheep eggs, and whiskey. The Irish are nearly as fond of bacon as they are of potatoes; and as for that there whiskey, the Irish love it. The hearts of the Irish, the book says, are all very warm. If you was walking out in the country and you met a poor man, you could easily tell whether he was an Irishman; for if he was an Irishman he would perhaps be in a passion and have a pig with him."

I was once giving a lesson in physiology, with special reference to the nature and composition of the various "food-stuffs." I had compared the human constitution to the mechanism of an ordinary steam-engine, showing the pupils that just as the mechanical force of the latter is due to the burning of the fuel in the furnace, so the power and vigor of the former, or human engine, is dependent upon a very similar internal combustion. I had divided the food-stuffs into the "flesh-forming" and "heat-giving" classes, and had clearly explained to the lads—so, at least, I thought—very certain proportions of each class of food were necessary for a thoroughly nourished and vigorous condition of the human machine. Hence the reason, I continued to illustrate, why—as by an intuition—we ate "ham and eggs" together, "bread and butter," &c.; and hence, also, the reason why such articles as milk and whole-meal bread were even in themselves almost "perfect" foods. Towards the close

of the lesson, I asked—by way of recapitulation—why it was advisable that we should always eat a fair proportion of fat meat with our lean.

I was somewhat surprised to observe one lad thrust out his hand very precipitately, since I knew that he was by no means endowed with a specially scientific turn of mind. However, I called upon him for an answer.

"Because, sir, the fat makes the lean slip down better!" he cried, rolling his eyes with satisfaction and smacking his lips with lively relish.

I looked at him as he should say, "What is the use of endeavoring to mystify the feet of such urchins into the esoteric groves of the occult sciences?" and he, on his part, gaped back upon me as who should say, "Well, sir, you are makin' them easy this morning. Why, that was almost as nice and straightforward as a taste of the genuine article. Keep the pot a-bollin', sir!"

The following essay on "Winter" is an effort by a boy who was eleven years of age at the time of examination. He came from a miserably poor home; for his father was dead, and the mother had to support a little family of three by the labor of her own hands.

"Winter is the 4th season of the year, and therefore it is the coldest. It is so cold that we have fine red fires in the schoolrooms, big enough to boil a sheep on. You never see such fires anywhere else, not even in church. They are fires, then, and no mistake. Whenever I see the school-keeper come in with that big skittle of his, and tinkle the coals on, I always think how pleased my mother would be to have one of them lumps. Why, there's more coals in that one skittle than there ever is in all our coal bin at home. I do wish that my mother was the school board, so as she could make good fires for her and me and my two little sisters. I never cry with the cold, not me, but our little Hannah does. But then I get so regular warm at school, that it seems to stick to me for ever so long."

## WITHOUT A FOREIGN RIVAL.

An Observer Finds That American Women Are Above Comparison.

"No other women in the world can compare with American women," said a man who has been living abroad for several years, "in walking. The American woman walks by preference. She seems to scorn a carriage. And how she walks! Her head is held up, her shoulders are thrown back, and her step is firm and elastic. Is it any wonder that she has a fine color and that her lips are fresh and eyes clear? In other countries women ride because they do not feel safe when they are on the street. Here they know that they have every man at their command if they need him.

"You find women in line after line thronging the streets where they go to do their shopping, or in Fifth or Madison avenues when they are returning home. They may not know what a blessing their independence is to them, but their own beauty and the health and vigor of their children in after years are in a great measure due to this love of walking. Save in England, perhaps, I have seen nothing like it, and in England the women do not walk as they do here. They are more deliberate and grave. The quickness and strength and fire is missing. They walk for the sake of tradition, it seems to an American, but here our women walk because they like to walk."

## A Washington War Incident.

Washington has a wealth of war recollections, says the Post, that probably never will all get into print. One of the best known of the younger newspaper men of the city has a face that bears many of the marks small-pox leaves. "I was a lad of 8 during the war," he said, "but I remember the soldiers being quartered here very well. One Sunday I was on my way home from school with my brother, and we stopped to see the soldiers that were quartered in the city hall. There were hundreds of them there. The place was used as a hospital, and the criminal court and old circuit court rooms were full of cots occupied by sick soldiers. They got scarcely anything to eat, and I believe some of the poor fellows died for want of proper food. My brother and I were very sorry for them and when we got home we told our mother about it. She asked us if we were willing to go without our supper and give it to the soldiers. We were, and she filled a basket with food and I carried it to the soldiers. They ate what I had like beasts, they were so ravenously hungry. Some of them cried and one of the soldiers kissed me. I went home and in a few days was down with the small-pox. My brothers and sisters all took it too, and one of my sisters died from it."

## A Horse-Trained Scot.

The Grand Duke Sergius, of Russia, whose wife, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, has become a proselyte to the Greek religion, resembles the Emperor Paul more than any other member of the Romanoff family, has always been a dissipated, hare-brained creature, and has latterly become a religious fanatic, and his intense bigotry has manifested itself in flighty vapors against his "heretic" of a wife and all her relatives.

## Train Is Right.

Mrs. Binks—"George Francis Train says that people will wake some morning, and find that Jay Gould has lost every dollar."

Mr. Binks—"That's so, every word of it."

"My goodness! When will it be, do you think?"

"When he dies."—New York Week-ly.

## One Good Vanderbilt.

Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt is tall and slender, with pretty blonde hair, and she is said by her friends to have a heart of gold. The greater part of her life is spent in doing good, which she does so quietly and unostentatiously that the outside world knows little about it.

## Very Tired.

"Don't you ever tire of this drifting, objectless life you are leading?" asked the philanthropist. "Tire of it?" answered Weary Watkins. "Fact is, it makes me so tired I can't do nothing else."—Indianapolis Journal.

## CHILI'S TRADING TOWN.

VALPARAISO SITS ON A DOZEN OR MORE HILLS.

A Busy Commercial Town Away South of the Equator—A Town Set on Edge—Grandeur of Its Private Buildings, etc.

Why those imaginative Spaniards of the early time should have dubbed this spot a "Vale of Paradise" no body living nowadays can understand, for there is no vale anywhere in the vicinity, and no indication of a paradise, writes Fannie B. Ward, in a letter to the Philadelphia Record, from Valparaiso, Chile. Certainly it is the last place on the face of the earth where one would think of locating a great city. Ancient Rome, they tell us, was built upon seven hills; but Valparaiso straggles up a score of them, for the simple reason that there is not room enough on the narrow strip of sand on the rugged heights and the sea.

The horseshoe curved coast, in its widest part, admits of eight or ten streets, but they extend only a short distance; in another and longer place there is space for but two streets between the cliffs and the rolling surf. The greater part of the city, however, occupies a slightly sloping incline.

As the population increased, the rocky hills had to be made available, and now the town, which runs along shore some three or four miles, extends back a considerable distance. More correctly speaking, it extends skyward, one man's house being built above another's, reached by long stairways, winding roads, and "lifts" propelled by steam.

Making neighborly calls on foot in this portion of the city is too hard work to become very popular, while coming down again is positively dangerous after the walks happen to be slippery after a rain. Thus one man's vegetable garden may seem to hang suspended directly over another man's roof; and the latter, by reaching out of his upper windows, might almost help himself to the former's beets and cabbages.

Viewed from the bay, especially on an evening, Valparaiso presents a fine appearance, with long lines of lights, one above another, like a "city turned up on end." Electric lights placed upon the crests of the cliffs throw their rays and intensified shadows upon the streets and terraces and gardens below, with the effect of moonlight. But by "the garnish light of day" the rows of houses and huts, of irregular shapes and elevations, clinging to the precipices like so many birds'-nests, look as if one stiff breeze would blow them off into the bay.

Mr. Vincent likens Valparaiso to a vast amphitheatre, regarding the ridges of the hills and aisles, and is reminded of Hong Kong by its sloping position, and of Quebec by its spurs which terminate in bluffs at the water's edge. At any rate, despite its natural advantages, Chilean enterprise assisted by English, French and German capital, have made here a splendid city—the finest port in South America—in fact, the only one on the southern continents which can show all modern improvements. It resembles a city of France or Germany, or even of the United States, more nearly than it does any other in this country. But our Northern Republic has no city with only Valparaiso's population (125,000) which contains so many fine shops and such a display of costly and luxurious articles.

The foreign element is large and wealthy, the natives proud and prosperous, and like the near-by capital, the place is famous for the extravagance of its citizens. Many of the private residences are palaces in their proportions and adornments, and millionaires are as common here as ten-thousand-dollar people at home.

There are splendid churches; parks and plazas, filled with trees and flowers, in the midst of which fountains are set, and beautiful statuary in bronze and marble—most of the latter, I regret to add, having been stolen from poor Peru during the recent war. There is a magnificent theatre; picture galleries, public libraries and reading-rooms—in short, all the adjuncts of modern civilization.

No more spacious or beautiful harbor can be found on either side of the hemisphere than this of Valparaiso, and throughout most of the year it is safe for shipping—except during the two months when northern gales prevail. Then vessels are sometimes driven from their anchorage and compelled to cruise about to avoid being dashed to pieces upon the rocks on which the city is built. One day from our hotel window we watched the progress of a fierce "norther" that set all the ships a-roaring till their masts-tops nearly touched the water, and sent mountain-high billows rolling over the esplanade, away up to the doors of business houses on the Calle Victoria. Several pedestrians were washed off into the howling sea, and a huge steamer was driven on the rocks, where she yet remains.

In times of peace the flags of all nations may be seen here, perhaps the rarest of any being that of the United States. Since trade in these parts is practically controlled by Englishmen, most commercial transactions are calculated in pounds sterling, and in business circles the English language prevails.

English goods are almost exclusively sold; an English newspaper is published; there is an English church, an English hospital, English doctors and dentists galore; in fact, Valparaiso is little more than a great English colony, with a liberal sprinkling of Germans and Frenchmen, a few Chileans and fewer Americans.

## Virtuous By Fits and Starts.

We go along and wink with both eyes at the wrong-doings and short-comings of A and also of B, and ere of C, and all the rest of them; but by the time we get to O or P we pull up and cry aloud that this thing has gone too far, and we must make a stand; and so we come down upon P, who is not a whit more guilty than any one else, his only crime consisting in the fact that he has been so virtuous in the place where the lightning struck; and we denounce P; we exhort P; we ostracize P. Having done that, our virtue, wearied with the unwonted exercise, falls asleep, and all the other letters go along doing exactly the same thing, until finally by the time X is reached, we wake up again and con-

tinued the same process. If one wants to go astray with impunity, all he has to do is to select his time, and run in, as it were, between the spasms of public virtue.—Exchange.

## SIZE OF A THUNDERBOLT.

A Geologist Explains All About It for Curious People.

"Did you ever see the diameter of a lightning flash measured?" asked a geologist. "Well, here is the case which once enclosed a flash of lightning, sitting it exactly, so that you can see just how big it was. This is called a 'fulgurite,' or 'lightning hole,' and the material it is made of is glass. I will tell you how it was manufactured, though I took only a fraction of a second to turn it out.

"When a bolt of lightning strikes a bed of sand it plunges downward into the sand for a distance less or greater, transforming simultaneously into glass the silica in the material through which it passes. Thus, by its great heat, it forms a glass tube of precisely its own size. Now and then such a tube, known as a 'fulgurite,' is found and dug up. Fulgurites have been followed into the sand by excavation for nearly thirty feet. They vary in interior diameter from the size of a quill to three inches or more, according to the 'bore' of the flash.

"But fulgurites are not alone produced in sand; they are found also in solid rock, though very naturally of slight depth and frequently existing merely as a thin glassy coating on the surface. Such fulgurites occur in astonishing abundance on the summit of Little Ararat in Armenia. The rock is soft and so porous that blocks a foot long can be obtained, perforated in all directions by little tubes filled with bottled-green glass formed from the fused rock. There is a small specimen in the national museum which has the appearance of having been bored by the torpedo, the holes made by the worms of the sand being filled with glass.

"Some wonderful fulgurites were found by Humboldt, on the high Nevada de Tolima in Mexico. Masses of the rock were covered with a thin layer of green glass, its peculiar shimmer in the sun led Humboldt to ascend the precipitous peak at the risk of his life."

## HEARD THEIR EARS FLAP.

Strange Sounds in the Mighty Forests of Lower Burma.

I lately made two shooting trips to the jungles of Lower Burma, says an English traveler, and each time in the midst of the greatest hardship. The forest scenery had the power to force itself upon the notice as seeming each day more and more impressive and magnificent.

At such times both the silence and the strange sounds of the jungles, each in their different way, combined to affect the sportsman; the occasional weird howlings of the monkeys in the tree-tops; the distant flap, flap of an elephant's ears breaking in upon the perfect stillness as you approach the herd, or perhaps, instead, the peevish trumpet-like squeak which announces its proximity, and, as the day wears on, the stillness is suddenly broken in upon by the whirling and soon almost deafening sound with which one accord the insects revive after the heat of the afternoon. All these influences combine to produce an affect which those who have not experienced them will find difficult to imagine, and those who have experienced them must find hard to describe.

## No Discount.

No Discount.—Maud—"How can I ever repay you for your kindness?" George—"With kisses." Maud—"How much do you value them at?" George—"I take them at their face value."—Puck.

## APHORISMS.

Some could folks would rudder go to a horse-trot on Sunday day to quarterly meetin'.

De mo' I reads de less I feels my ignorance, an' de mo' I feels my ignorance de less I reads de less I feels my ignorance, an' de mo' I feels my ignorance de less I reads de less I feels my ignorance.

Et de bell-punch was manipulated in some chuch'whar de ugandly deacons pass de assar, de pastor might hev bellied chicken for his Sunday dinner instead of rice.

The man don't bid dat kin mix religion an' bizness. Et bit's a man's bizness to split kin's three feet an' bid ice-house on Sunday, dar you ar? Religion an' religion, an' bizness an' bizness.

De fines' poetry dat was ever writ ain't in de hymn-book or Lord Byron's poems. Dar is mo' true poetry in a bill of fair an' a good meal ob vittles dan you kin find on all de grabstones in a first-class cemetery.

## SEEING IS BELIEVING.

The ground on which Yakutsk, Siberia, is built is perpetually frozen to a depth of 612 feet.

A Gloucester, Pa., florist has under cultivation that rare production of nature, a green rose.

London's Cheapside's No. 1 is degrading and it is declared will soon be nothing but a shapeless stone.

A sixty-seven foot snake of unknown species has been captured in Central Brazil. It is variegated in hue, blue, green and pink predominating, has tusks like a boar and a horn two feet long on its forehead.

There is a curiosity near Cordoba, Ga., in the shape of a pine tree. It begins from the ground as two separate and well-developed trees, and continues so for a distance of fourteen feet, when they join and go upward as one.

There is an old oak in the graveyard at Midway, in Liberty county, Ga., that measures eighteen feet six inches in circumference three feet from its base. This cemetery dates back to the first settlement of Georgia as a colony of Great Britain.

The principal relic belonging to the Church of Sainte Gudule, in Brussels, consists of a thorn which is said to have formed part of the Savior's crown. Florent III, count of Holland, brought it to the Netherlands in the times of the Crusades.

Something of a curiosity has been on exhibition at Casper, Wyoming. It is an imprint of a monstrous palm leaf, caused by the leaf falling into clay and the clay afterwards petrifying. The rock was found on Salt creek, and indicates that ages ago, when the big coal beds were being formed, Wyoming possessed a tropical climate.

## FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

HOW TO MAKE THAT EXTRA ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

One Farmer Says It Can Be Done with Eggs—Many Points for Agriculture and Points for Housekeepers, Etc.

## Money in Poultry.

Many a farmer would come out more than "even" if he only had made \$100 more during the year. The want of that \$100 will be keenly felt all through the year to come—yes, the years to come—for if a farmer once gets behindhand in settling his bills they seem to accumulate in a remarkable way. While he pays cash he soon as he "runs an account" his judgment is blinded by visions of the good crops and the good prices to come in the future, and he banks on an unsubstantial capital and buys according to his "expectations." Need I say they are never realized? says a farmer in the Chicago Herald. "Well, how can I get that hundred dollars?" he asks. That is what I wish to tell him. I am not certain, but I have a strong impression that many farmers do not read the poultry department because they have a contempt for the poultry business generally and an extra contempt for "fancy" poultry. They forget the fact, or they never realize it, that all we have in the way of good stock, horses, cattle, sheep, pigs or chickens is owing to the labors of "fancy" breeders; without them we should still be keeping scrubs of low degree and receive but precarious profits from their keeping.

For the past few years I have been keeping an accurate account with my hens. I thought, as many farmers do, that maybe they were costing me more than they were worth, and I said if they wouldn't pay for their feed and care it would be better to get rid of them and buy what chickens and eggs we required for family use. Here is the result: For the first year we kept sixty hens and they paid a net profit over cost of feed of \$1.80 per hen. No fancy prices were received for eggs or chickens sold—just regular market prices, such as any one within reach of a good market can get. But few chickens were sold. The next year we had 100 hens, and they paid a net profit over cost of feed of \$131.01, or an average of \$1.31 per hen. The total receipts were \$188.52 and the feed, etc., cost \$75.50. The hens laid 10,289 eggs, an average of only 102 per hen, which is a very low average, and was owing to the fact that I had so many old hens.

One thing surprised me very much, and that was we used 3,000 eggs, and my family is a small one, too. This shows that many farmers who say that the hens don't pay are not aware of what they really get from them. If they sell a dozen of eggs occasionally they charge all the feed against the eggs sold, and the large quantity used they do not take into the account. My eggs cost less than 7 cents per dozen for feed, but of course they cost me to use exactly what they would have sold for.

Now here was the sum of \$131 I received from my hens as profit; not a very large sum 'tis true, but large enough to pay for the labor of caring for the hens, and almost any farmer, can do as well or better. The chief reason why farmers do not pay more attention to poultry is because they think there is no money in the business, and there isn't as it is usually managed on the farm. I have no fancy poultry or poultry houses; my hens are Plymouth Rocks and American Dominiques and grades of both breeds. I use no fancy feed, no condimental food, no patent "egg producer," but just what is grown on the farm, except pork cracklings, which I buy but do not feed much of them. My hens are confined in yards the year round, so the objection can't be urged that they destroy more than they pay for. We have fresh eggs every day in the year, and the skimmed milk fed to the hens pays better than if fed to the pigs; for the amount invested, hens pay a larger profit than any other stock. My profit per hen is small as compared with what many poultry-keepers make, and I merely give it to show that any farmer can easily add \$100 to his income by the aid of the hens if he will only go about it in the proper way. Distance from market will of course make a reduction in the profit, but any farmer can make arrangements to ship to the commission man direct.

## What Kills the Hens.

A New York horse life insurance company, insuring only sound and generally young animals worth between \$100 and \$400 each, reports that of 704 horses dying within the past five years 183 died of colic, 77 of inflammation of the bowels, 74 of kidney trouble, 51 of pneumonia, 52 of sunstroke, 30 of pinkeye, 37 of lockjaw, 23 of broken legs, 12 of epilepsy, 10 of heart disease, 4 of blind staggers, 9 killed by runaways, 4 were drowned, 2 were killed by lightning, 128 died of unknown diseases and 8 were burned.

## Paint for Shingles.

A correspondent asks advice as to a good quality of cheap oil or paint for his shingle roofs or barns. Country Gentleman recently advised as the most economical application for out-door wood-work a wash of crude petroleum, either of light or heavy oil, but best of a mixture. It is not a paint, for it immediately sinks into the pores of the wood and renders it more durable, like cedar. A small mixture of some coloring matter, like ochre, remaining on the surface of the wood, will partly affect the color, but is not necessary.

## Feed for Butter.

It is said that the dairy people of Denmark have become such experts in making butter that they can sell in London a better article, and at a lower price, than can be produced at the best English factories. Their cows are fed on cultivated grasses and clover, and in winter on barley, oats, linseed cake, straw and hay. They give special attention to regular grooming, and are neat in all respects.

## Cleanliness Necessary.

Cleanliness is the first law in the dairy, beginning with the cow in the stable and pasture, and continuing the process radically through to the delivery of the butter in the package to the buyer. All dairy utensils must be kept scrupulously clean, by scalding

solved and soda and scouring with salt. Clean, sweet dairy-rooms should only be used, and they should be remote from all sinks, drains or cesspools, and where odors from the stables and pig-sties cannot reach them.—Abstract of proceedings at New York Dairy Schools.

## Guinea Fowl.

It is a pity that more guinea fowls are not kept by farmers. Their quaint call and shy habit show that they are not far removed from game birds, which almost everywhere are disappearing. No kind of fowl lays so many eggs. Their meat is dark colored, and to those unaccustomed to game it is sometimes not thought good; but this wild flavor is just what very many like, and more would if they tried to overcome prejudice. The guinea fowl in any yard is one of the best defenses of domestic fowls from hawks or other feathered enemies. They see, such marauders very quickly, and instantly give the warning which the instinct of every bird in the yard has taught it to recognize and heed.

## Some Men Are Smart.

The statement of a Western farmer that he has been trying forty years to find the most profitable methods of storing and feeding coarse feed and grain, and is not sure he has yet succeeded, is worthy of note as showing the difficulties with which the live stock owner is obliged to contend. It might also furnish a much-needed lesson in modesty to some would-be instructors whose years are few and whose theoretical knowledge is considerably more extensive than their actual experience.—American Dairy-man.

## Household Hints.

The best broom is of a light green color; it is tougher than the yellow.

Honey should be kept in the dark or it will granulate. The bees, knowing this, work in dark hives.

White dishes can be marked with one's own name on the back with a common pen and ink, and it will not wash off for a long time.

If doughnuts are cut out an hour before they are fried, to allow a little time for rising, they will be much lighter. Try cutting at night and trying in the morning.

Rubbing a bruise in sweet oil and then in spirits of turpentine, it is said, will usually prevent the unsightly black and blue spots, which not only tell tales, but deform.

Put camphor gum with your new silverware and it will never tarnish as long as the gum is there. Never wash silver in soapuds, as that gives it a white appearance.

A croupy cough can often be loosened and prevented by swathing the throat with dry, warm flannels; a thick patch of them to sweat the throat and chest often helps so speedily that it is not necessary to sicken the child with pepper or to wake the house, kindling fires and preparing hot drinks.

The New York Sun says a glowing tribute to salt. "In all the range of materia medica there is no remedy half so valuable as common salt, because of its real curative qualities and of its immediate availability. It is recommended for inflammation, congestion, toothache, earache, neuralgia, headaches, in various forms of application. Nose and throat specialists should use salt liberally."

## Poultry Notes.

It is sometimes necessary to assist ducks out of the shell, but rarely if ever chickens.

The tendency of wheat fed whole is to produce a healthy growth and to aid materially in laying eggs.

In a majority of cases it is impossible to compete with incubated chickens as regards earliness.

Size and condition count more in market than any particular shade or color, especially with young poultry.

Ducks and geese can be picked whenever their feathers are ripe; there is no advantage in letting them get to waste.

After they are three weeks old cracked wheat can be fed to young poultry to good advantage, especially as a change.

The best breed of geese for feathers is the Embler. They are entirely white, and white geese feathers bring the best prices.

In many cases hens can be more easily induced to set if they are placed upon the eggs as soon as it is dark, rather than in the morning.

If the young growing turkeys show signs of leg weakness raising a little bone meal with their food will be found an advantage.

Ducks do not have the cholera, croup or gapes, and hawks do not bother them; they will lay more eggs and the eggs will hatch better than hen eggs.

The advantage of hatching guineas under common hens is, that properly managed, they are usually more gentle than if the guinea hens are allowed to hatch them out and raise them.

While old hens usually lay larger eggs than pullets the shape of the egg has little or nothing to do with the life germ, and if the broad end is smooth and the egg is properly fertilized it will hatch.

## Live Stock and Farm Notes.

Plan to secure plenty of forage for winter feeding.

An animal raised on the farm will rarely bring disease.

A patch of early maturing corn will often help to commence feeding early.

Early planting and thorough cultivation is the best protection against drouth.